

The People of the Netherlands.

Such was the slack twisted character of the nation when the war of the Austrian succession broke out. England overhauled Dutch ships on the seas; and, in the end, the republic had to enter upon a dangerous war with the most powerful

Thorbecke remained firmly at his post until his death in 1872; and at this period Holland began, once more, to take its proper place in the international struggle for sharing the advantages of the world and in the free competition to regain its old energy. It was after Thorbecke's

The yellow horse came from Zakopane to return to the central figure of this 1910 "sentimental journey." Coming down from Cracow by rail, Mr. and Mrs. Phillips arrived at Zakopane well supplied with letters of introduction from a certain Polish count, including one for pages long to the landlady of the hotel in which the couple were to stay. The travellers were, of course, the landlady, trusting to provide them with a room for the foretelling time to read the letter. The found Polish hospitality charming. The Government Mayor Zakopane has two Mayors, one elected by the people and one appointed by the Government—volunteers to assist in discovering a horse, a cart and a driver who should also be linguistically accomplished enough to serve as a guide and interpreter. Mr. Phillips, however, the American ski placed himself at the service of the English visitors, who had formed the incomprehensible project of sleeping in the open air in tents. He thought them, if agreeable, if a little insane, and had a certain feeling of kinship for Mrs. Phillips more because of her Irish birth, finding in the relation of Ireland to England an analogy to the former position of his own country as a subject of Austria. He would hold Mr. Phillips, no longer rebellious against Austria, for, without Austrian protection, Germany would swallow Galicia and Germany was infinitely more detestable than Austria. Pan S— lacked words to adequately express his contempt of the Germans. With such assistance the discovery of even so great a treasure as the yellow horse is not surprising. Finding the yellow horse in a home when the sun shines on it, the purchaser tells us. The cart was long and narrow, with a curved awning, like a section of a tunnel, and as for the body of the driver guide, he was a Pole, elegant and romantic, with an oval face and elegant green eyes. He had been educated at the Cracow University, but preferred to remain a peasant. He could speak Latin, Polish, and German; his name was Miazga.

With this practical yet esthetic equipment, the wagon tour began auspiciously. Starting in Galicia, the southeastern route soon dipped down into Hungary.

cooled by an accomplished person who could "spike American" or was not induced himself to drink. The wine had been, I said, a schoolgirl's of a well-to-do family, a vowed ardent student of geography, pronounced New York the capital of England. London was a strange unfamiliar world to them. The Hungarian schoolmasters locate the centre of the English speaking race in the western hemisphere. It is their reward for hospitality.

At Maramoros-Sziget marked the end of the first half of the tour. The yellow horse entered it on July 28 and Mr. and Mrs. Phillimore of necessity spent several days in a prosaic and uncleanly hotel. The cool rooms had dubious wooden beds in them, and the tin beds were in some of the worst facing rooms. The hotel attendants considered the English people full of prejudices. Mrs. Phillimore, in the morning after her husband had left, the morning after making the bed. There was a mouse playing in a far corner of the room. She pointed it out to her. "Mrs. Phillimore says," and she immediately rushed to the door and called loudly to another woman to come. They hunted the mouse would yell and unintelligible directions to Magyar to me, until at last the chambermaid flung a towel over the mouse and under the sofa. She then came forward and asked to come. I hastily declined, she seemed puzzled. Why had I pointed it out if I did not want it? What was it? Why make such a fuss about a mouse unless you wanted to get rid of it? She shook her head as she took away. I was busy in my room about half an hour later when she burst open the door without knocking and came in, present me with a letter from the Magyar. She said she meant to console me for the bugs or for the misunderstanding about the mouse I do not know, but she remained a friend until we left Sziget.

At Maramaros-Sziget Leopold, a Saxa was employed to assist and soon to plant Milrk. Leopold was cheerful and resourceful. He had a way with him to run nicely cooked meals from the peasant women in foodstuffs and vegetables. I could not find fertile corn with a difficult. I could speak German. I

camp on crown land everywhere with paying one farthing. So he went away. He had no right to the money. He went away too easily. May I have the fragment of the Herrschaffen?"

Then there were the five Wallachs with hay forks, who also went away, contented after one of Leopold's "explanations." I said that Gnädiger Herrschaffen an engineer from Pest, come to make railway that would give all the people work," he contended, in translating into English. They were quite pleased when they asked for money, but I would not give them any. There was no room for the "Herrschaffen." After that big peasant, indulging in his usual Sabbath carousal, offered them his eyes to if they would only come and dine with him. "He is a good man, but drunk," commended Leopold, after having quoted their own banknote friend, and added, reflectively, "They are a well placed about the railway." It was Mikal who told me that that Gnädiger Herrschaffen had a circus, but is better to say he is an engineer in Pest."

This diary of an experiment in simple has a delicate and graceful charm. Mention of previous books appears beneath the author's name, but there is nothing amateurish about the preproduction. The beauty and poetry of the descriptions on the part of the author is enough to give it distinction among a mass of indifferently written travel literature.

California and the Union.

A valuable contribution to the history of the United States has been prompted by the misrepresentations that have arisen from prejudice or lack of adequate description on the part of our best known chroniclers. Mr. ELIOTT H. KUSS, who was familiar with conditions on the Pacific coast at a very critical period of our national existence, through residence there and participation in events, has counted in detail *The Contest for California* in 1846 (Houghton Mifflin Company) and has shown how the Pacific States were saved to the Union under extreme conditions. The subject, chiefly by the manner, treatment, and presentation,

drawn into the movement. "Which is the only way that men, who have deserved but neglected fame, can be written came upon the scene," power. "After Alex and Hamilton, scarcely excepting Carl Schurz, of the lions of citizens who have come to America from foreign lands," says Mr. Kent, "the one who rendered the most important service to our country" is John Dickinson Baker, born in London on February 1811, and brought to this country at the age of six months. Admitted to the bar of Illinois at the age of 19, he took part in the Black Hawk war (1832), after which he settled at Springfield, where he became fast friend of Abraham Lincoln and began to be active in political speech besides being successful in his profession. In 1844 he and Lincoln were candidates for Congress in the Springfield district, and Baker won. When the Mexican war broke out he joined the army at Washington, raised a regiment of volunteers, which he led to the Rio Grande distinction and at the end of the war settled in Galena, that he might not rival to Lincoln. Again he was elected to Congress, and at the first session was an acrimonious debate on admitting California to Statehood. Baker advocated its admission. In 1852 he migrated, his entire family, to San Francisco, speedily making a name for himself in the legislature having preceded him. Mr. Kennedy furnishes details of his oratorical eloquence. Baker immediately took an interest in politics, his lifetime ambition to become a Senator. But he not join the Democratic party, which in undisputed control. On all occasions he exalted the Union and inculcated duty of loyalty. In 1859 he was a candidate for Congress, and although he was defeated, he succeeded in his campaign reaching results on his own favor for the future of the Pacific coast. During campaign, as during a stumping tour years previously, he stood boldly for anti-slavery policy of the Republican party. Shortly after the election a gation came down to San Francisco to invite Col. Baker to migrate to the

EXPLORING RELIGIONS.
How Dr. Frederick J. Bliss Works at It in Syria.

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Rochester.

Interesting and Valuable
Colors of Lafayette's Camps

Color of Lafayette's Captain
Skill in the use of water colors is a common accomplishment with the modern artist-de-camp, and even the artist-de-camp himself has been known to go to the aid of the artist-de-camp. A. D. C. to General Lafayette was the plan of the engagement in the mouth for his chief, must have been in the mind of the artist-de-camp.

This topographical drawing in color, signed "Capitaine A. D. C. Lafayette" was one of the exhibits in the collection of the artist-de-camp, souvenirs of the Marquis de Lafayette which was held on February 29, 1892, at the American Art Galleries in New York City. It was a small, square, water color drawing, with minute detail in such a way as to show the various manœuvres of the army of the Marquis de Lafayette, as to get a good view of the action into the tiny red and blue figures.

It was bought for a considerable sum by the Scribner Book Department, the news of which quickly and the next day was even in the papers of the day. It was a sight to see. This plan, many other souvenirs were sent by the present Marquis de Lafayette to the artist-de-camp, the male line. The father was the